

Rockledge, Nov. 10, 1867.

My dear Wendell:

On Wednesday night, Frank and I had the thrilling satisfaction of landing from the Java at East Boston, and immediately embracing William and Ellie, who were there with a carriage in readiness to take us without delay to "home, sweet home." We made an uncommonly quick passage across the Atlantic, considering that we had to encounter a succession of heavy gales all the way, the swing of the ocean being at times tremendous in its direct antagonism. Frank was slightly seasick at the start, but soon recovered, and bore himself bravely throughout. Strange to say, I missed no meal, and had no vomiting; though I kept to my berth a good deal, and was unable to obtain any sound sleep. We are both in very good condition, and have been much benefitted by our sojourn abroad. How your mother received us, you can easily imagine. She slept none that night for joy and deep excitement. Mrs. Johnson, who has been so kind and faithful to her during my absence, gave us

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a most cordial greeting. The parlor and sitting-room had a profusion of flowers for the occasion, and the house was lit up as brilliantly as gas could make it. I found your mother looking rosy and fair, and in a more hopeful condition than when I left.

Thus far, I have seen but a very few persons, and my arrival is evidently not generally known. We have been very busy in getting our luggage through the custom-house, and unpacking the same, and distributing the presents we brought for several friends—&c., &c.,

Thanks for your filial greeting by letter, and for your epistle to Frank. I am impatient to see you and Lucy, and Mr. and Mrs. McKim, and especially your baby-boy, of whom I have read as well as heard so much. It is impossible for me to decide now when you may expect me, but you shall be duly apprised as to the time. I should be sorry to put you to inconvenience to entertain me at the Park, and would prefer to find you without any company.

I have been intending to send you a long letter, but am forced to break off abruptly, or I shall lose this mail.

William and Ellie are now in their new home. Sorry are we to lose them, and darling Agnes, but they are not far off, and we shall see each other daily.

Good bye, and kisses for Lucy and Lloyd in my behalf, and loving remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. McKim.

Your affectionate father,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

W. P. Garrison.

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Bessie has just received a long and inter-
esting letter from Eliza, at Auburn. She writes in a ga-
llician strain, and says the children (as well as herself)
are enjoying themselves highly. Sister Charlotte sends
you her love, and so does Mrs. Banford, who is making
her a visit.

Providence, Aug. 18, 1874.

Dear Wife—Our protracted rain-storm
here terminated on Saturday noon, succeeded by
a brilliant afternoon and evening, and ever
since the weather has been simply perfect. Sat-
urday evening I took tea with Julia, and also
dinner and tea on Sunday, she being quite
lonely on account of Miss Waterman's absence.
To-night she is hoping for William's presence.

Sunday forenoon Dr. Dow devoted nearly
two hours in giving me the Turkish bath, and
manipulating my rheumatic joints, but I had
no sleep that night, and my pains were more
rampant than ever; my hip being in a state
of the greatest inflammation, which still con-
tinues without abatement. This may in the
end be for the best, but I fail to see it. A
good deal of faith and patience are needed
under such discouraging circumstances, and
it has been my wish to make a fair trial.

Yesterday noon I received letters from Fanny, Frank, and yourself, for which thanks. Of course, I was much interested in Fanny's account of the visit of Mr. Eton, of Long Branch, N. J., with reference to my trying the efficacy of hot salt water baths. It was certainly an act of true sympathy and kindness, on his part, to take so much trouble to impart the information he gave. I immediately communicated to Dr. Dow the statement of Mr. E., feeling confident that he would not consider it a reflection upon his own method of treatment, as many a practitioner would have done; for he is a man devoid of selfishness, not opinionated, ever ready to accept a better way, and most solicitous for the speedy cure of his patients. He at once said, "Let us give it a trial." Accordingly, a new barrel was purchased, and sent by express to Newport, to be filled and returned here by the evening boat. Dr. Dow thought it better to get the genuine salt water at Newport, than to draw the water from the harbor here. A barrel

of it will suffice for only one bath; and as no immediate result is to be expected from it—mine being a most obstinate chronic case—the barrel will have to be sent a number of times. How the experiment works I hope to apprise you in person on Saturday next.

I was sure you would all be greatly disappointed at my not coming on Saturday last; but, as I wrote you, I was then experiencing too much bodily suffering to think of making the journey, much as I wished to see Miss McLaren; though I refrained from giving you the reason in the telegram I sent, lest it should cause you indefinite apprehension.

As Fanny thinks of accompanying Harry to New York, to see him embark, and then make a little visit to Wendell and Lucy, I shall feel all the more desirous to reach home on Saturday. It will be hard for H. and F. to be so soon separated, after so long an absence on his part. I trust he will have a quick and safe voyage, and be back before the winter sets in.

The explanation why neither William nor Frank could come to Providence on Saturday was entirely satisfactory to Julia. She had a strong desire to welcome both of them. Yesterday afternoon she accompanied me down the bay to Oakland Beach — a delightful sail.

— At this moment Dr. Dow hands me your letter of yesterday, and one from William, enclosing a check for \$50. I shall confidently expect to see him this evening, after I have taken tea at George L. Clarke's. To-morrow we will all go to Newport, if the weather proves favorable. What a glorious day this would be for such an excursion! I seek diversion to make me forget my pains.

If I could be sure of making an arrangement in Boston, so as to procure hot ^{salt} water baths, I would bid farewell to Providence on Saturday — for I much prefer to be at home. Perhaps on inquiry at some of the bathing establishments, that could be readily determined. But Dr. Dow is quite willing to give me those baths as long as I wish.

I enclose a photograph of Sarah Fillingim's darling little girl. Tell Helen, Harold and Oswald that grandpapa is hoping to give them a good hug soon.

Your loving W. L. G.